
 * THE PROGRESS OF MONSIEUR LE COMPTE *
 * D'ANVERS IN LOVE AND AMERICAN METHODS *
 *

* "In France, You Go to ze Papa or ze Mamma, But in America—" *

It wasn't the fault of Monsieur Le Compte D'Anvers. He'd been brought up in sunny Provence, where young men who wish to wed go and ask the girl's parents.

So when D'Anvers met Virginia Gross, daughter of the Chicago packer, in Paris, and decided she was the girl for him, he did the natural thing. He called on her aunt, who was chaperoning her.

"Where," he asked, "will I find ze mamma of Mees Gross?"

"In heaven, I hope," said the aunt, who didn't like Frenchmen.

"And ze papa?" asked the count, politely.

"In Chicago," said the aunt.

"Then," said the Count, "I shall go to ze Chicago."

And he did. He'd never been in America before, and he wasn't quite sure whether or not he'd find Indians running wild in the streets of Chicago or not, but he was quite certain of what he wanted.

He went directly to old Gross' office. Gross, who had heard of the Count from the aunt, had been making inquiries. He had told his confidential secretary to find out all about the Count. The confidential secretary did so, and reported as follows:

"Vivien Anne Marie, Compte D'Anvers, 25 years old, scion of one of the noblest families in Provence, rich in own right, edu-

cated at Paris, won grand prix at Rheims aviation meet for fancy flying, fought duel with—"

Old Gross interrupted him there.

"Fought one of these fool French duels, did he? 'Snough. I'll have no fool for my son-in-law."

"But," said the confidential secretary, grinning, "this duel didn't end the usual way. The man had insulted Vivien, and Vivien challenged him. In the first few passes, Vivien pricked his opponent in the arm. The opponent dropped his sword, saying his honor was satisfied.

"Vivien dropped his sword, too, said his honor was NOT satisfied and sailed into the fellow with his fists. Licked the stuffing out of him, too."

"Bully!" said old Gross, "and you say he's rich in his own right?"

"Income's about 1,000,000 francs a year," said the confidential secretary.

"He'll do," said Gross. "Now about that C. S. & L. deal—"

So Gross wasn't unprepared. The Count stalked into his office on La Salle street at the busiest hour of the day, clicked his heels together, saluted, and inquired if he had the honor to speak to Monsieur Gross. Old Gross said he had.